

Vol. 4 No. 3
OCTOBER 5, 1948

TREASURE CHEST

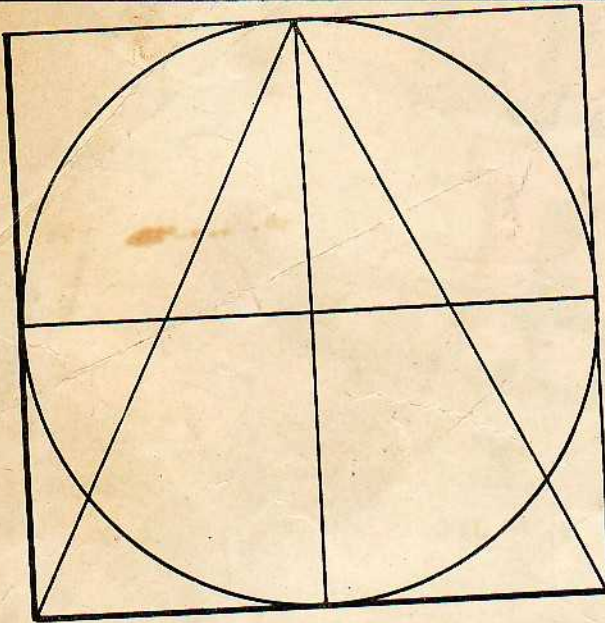
OF FUN & FACT



Beginning —
FOR THE
OVERLAND MAIL



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



The ALPHABET SQUARE..

IF YOU STUDY THIS SQUARE YOU WILL SEE WHY IT IS SO NAMED. YOU CAN TRACE OUT EVERY LETTER AND ALL THE NUMBERS BY FOLLOWING THE LINES OF THE ALPHABET SQUARE. SEE HOW MANY LETTERS AND NUMBERS YOU CAN FIND IN THIS STRANGE FIGURE.



STOP

WORD GOLF

IN THIS GAME YOU CHANGE ONE WORD TO ANOTHER IN AS FEW STEPS AS POSSIBLE. AT EACH STEP YOU CHANGE ONE LETTER TO FORM A NEW WORD---EXAMPLE: CHANGE BOY TO MAN IN THREE STEPS--BOY, 1. BAY, 2. BAN, 3. MAN--SEE HOW EASY IT IS? NOW YOU CHANGE WORK TO PLAY IN SEVEN STEPS--AND TO START YOU OFF WE WILL TELL YOU THE WORD FOR STEP 1. IS FORK!

WORK

1.

2.

3.

4.

5.

6.

7.

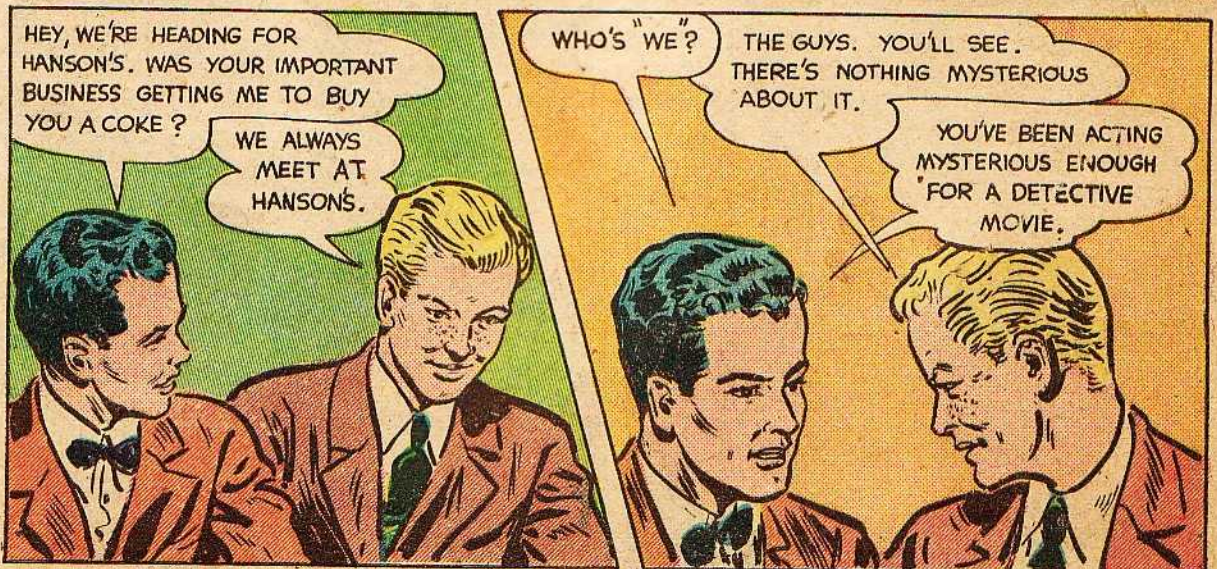
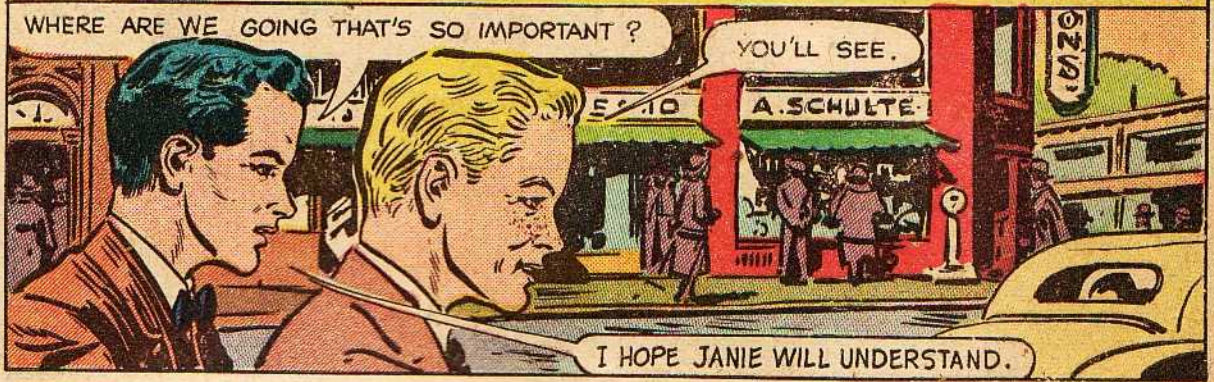
PLAY



SEE HOW MANY FOUR LETTER WORDS YOU CAN SPELL BY MOVING FROM LETTER TO LETTER IN THE WORD SQUARE. YOU MAY MOVE IN ANY DIRECTION BUT ALWAYS TO AN ADJOINING LETTER. THE ARROWS SHOW YOU HOW TO SPELL "STOP".

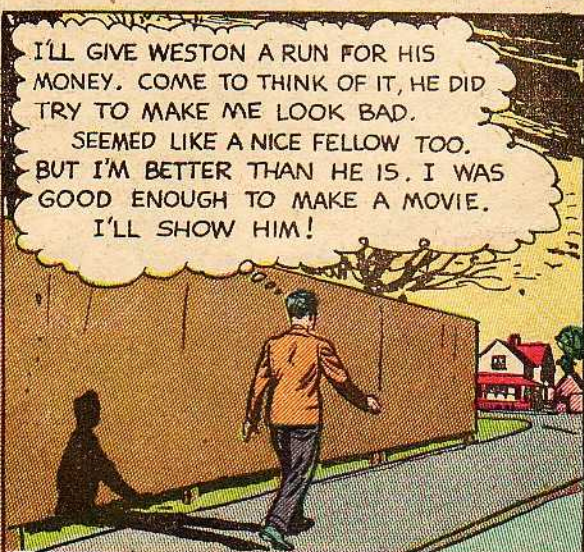
ANSWERS--(TURN PAGE UPSIDE DOWN)
 WORD GOLF--WORK, 1. FORK, 2. FORT
 3. SORT, 4. SOOT, 5. SLOT, 6. SLAT, 7. SLAY
 WORD SQUARE--SALE, STEW, STEP,
 STOW, SLOT, SLAT, SLOE, LAST, ALAS,
 PETS, POTS, POET, POST, LOTS,
 LOST, OATS, TALE, WEPT, WETS, TOTS,
 OWS AND MANY OTHERS.

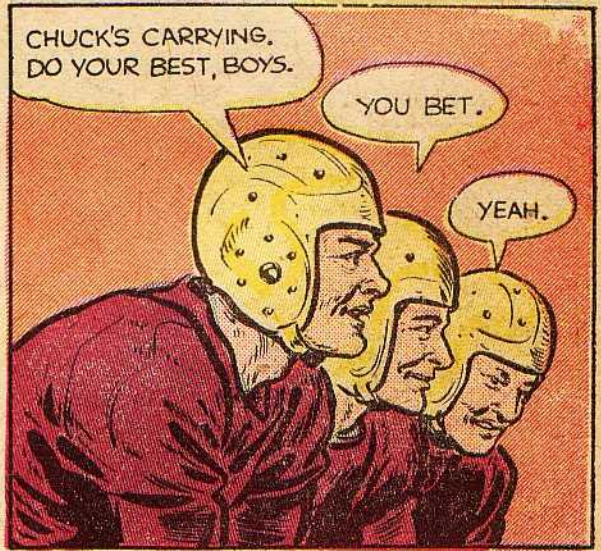
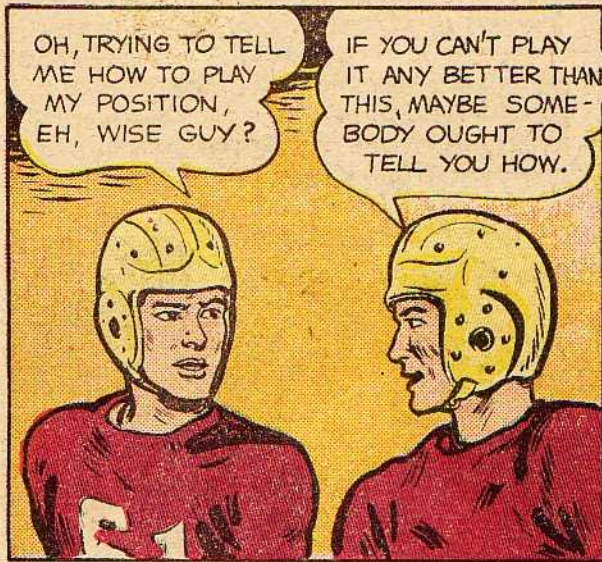
CHUCK WHITE











CHUCK IS HIT HARD AND THROWN BACK TO THE LINE OF SCRIMMAGE.



CHUCK IS FURIOUS.

CONVENIENT FOR YOU TO FALL DOWN THEN, WASN'T IT?

I WAS TRIPPED.

YOU TOOK A DIVE. YOU WERE AFRAID TO BLOCK.

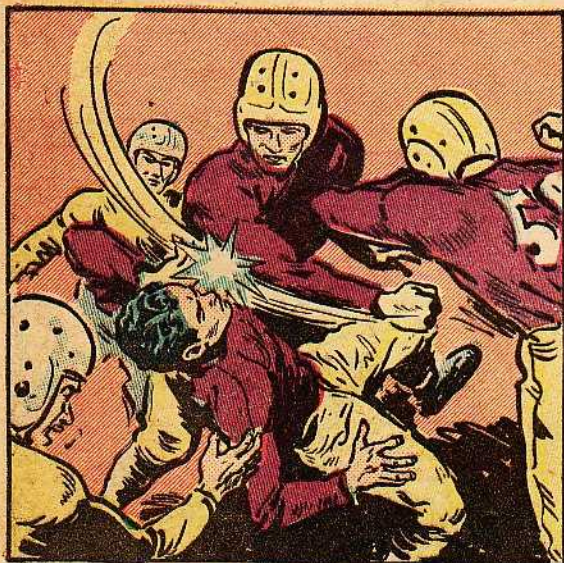


I SAW YOU FALL DOWN TO LET THAT MAN THROUGH.

I DIDN'T. THAT'S NOT TRUE.



YOU CAN'T CALL ME A LIAR!



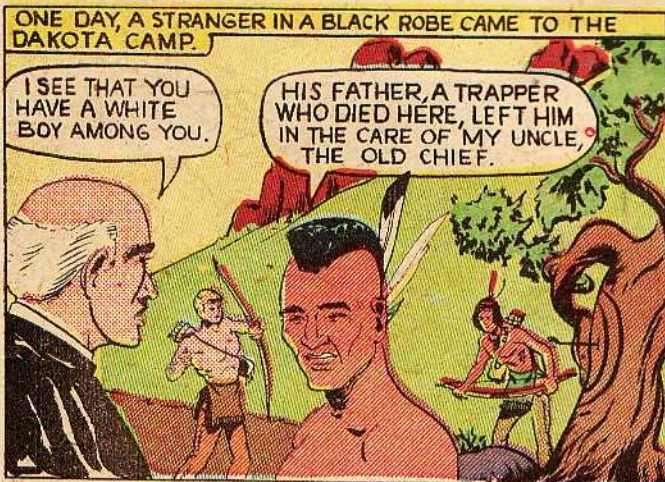
STOP THAT FIGHTING!

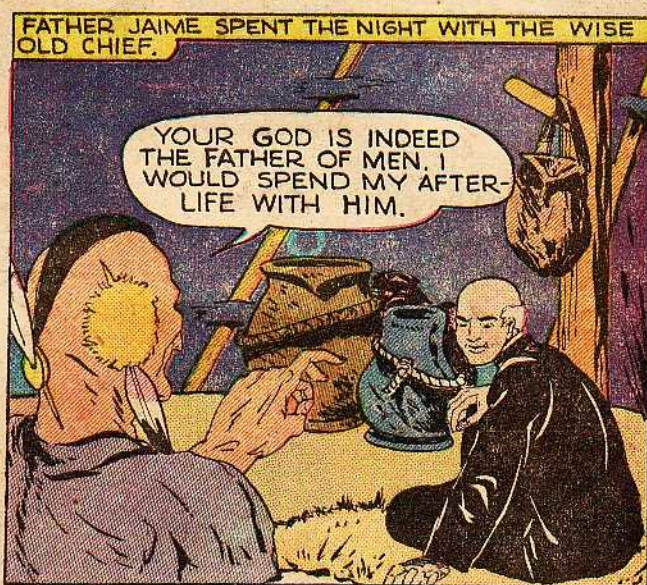
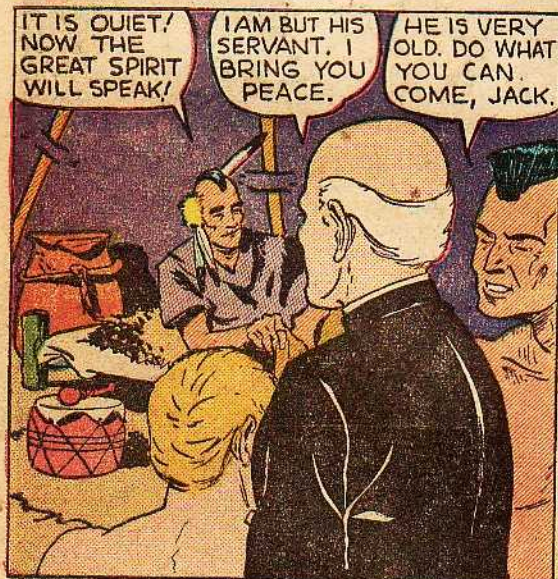
WELL, IT'S OUT IN THE OPEN. NOW I MAY BE ABLE TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF IT AND STRAIGHTEN IT OUT.

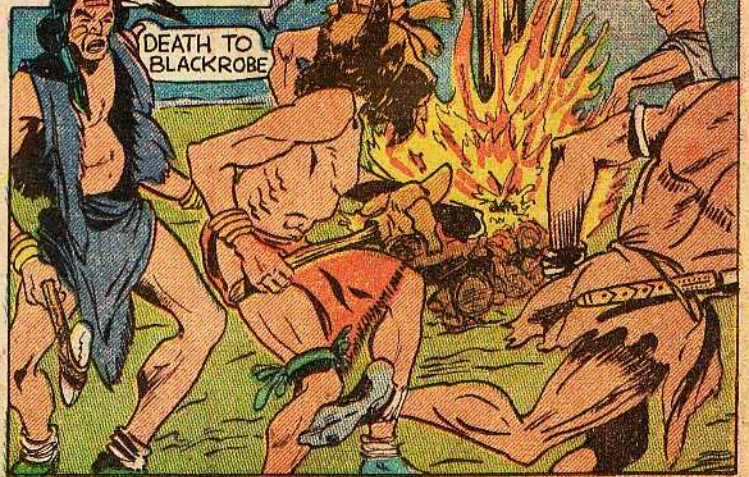
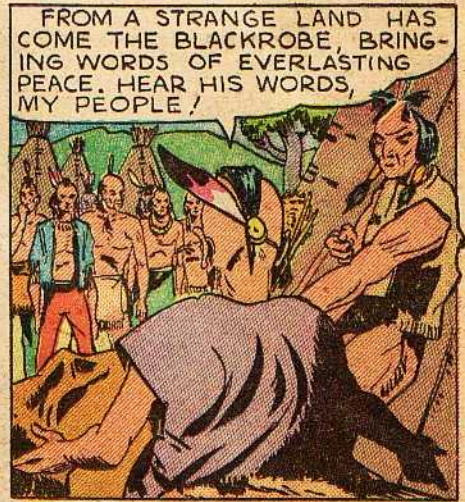


TO BE CONTINUED

THE OLD TRAVELER







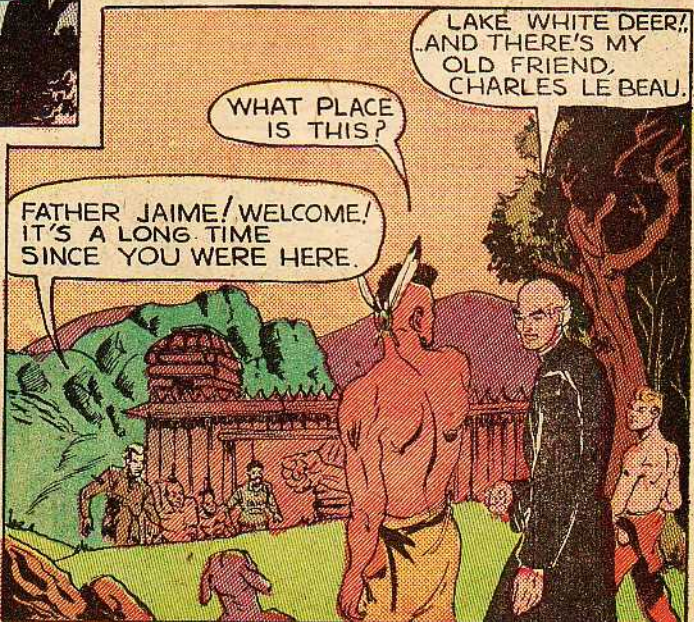
A GUARD HAD BEEN PLACED TO WATCH FATHER JAIME.

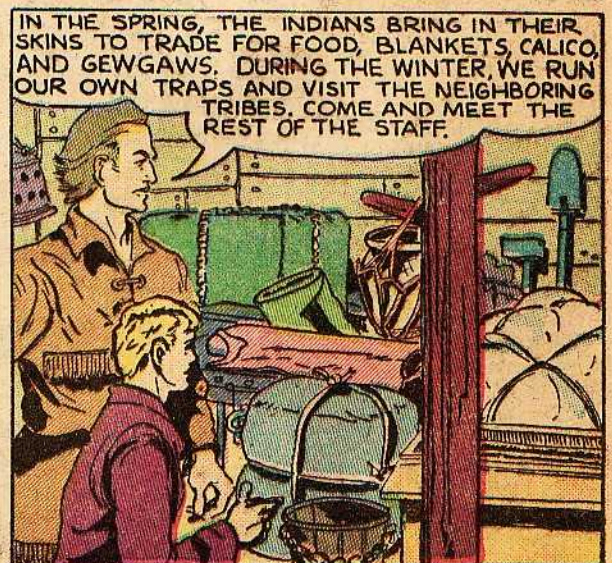
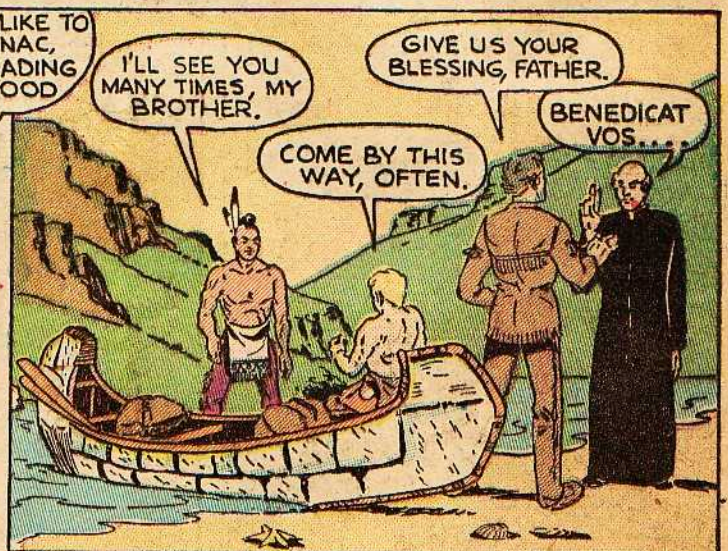
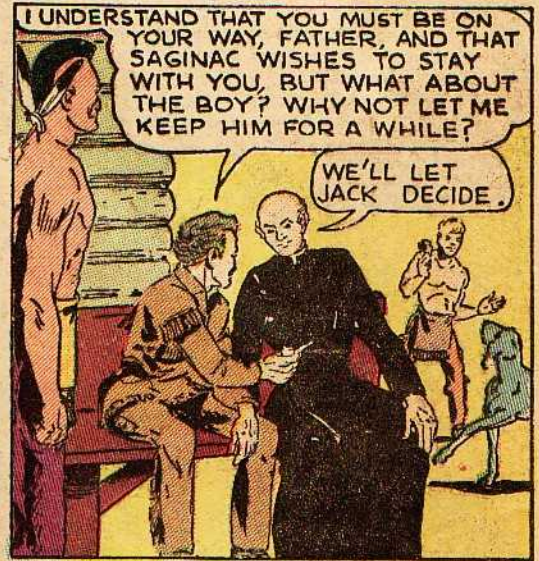
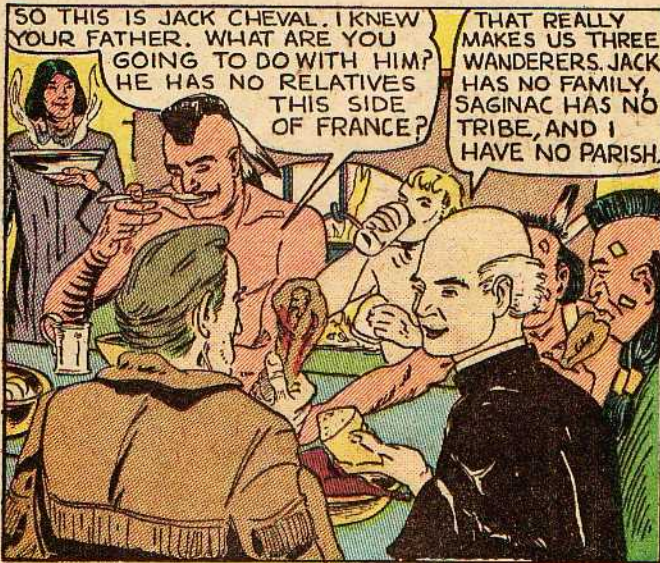


WE HAVEN'T TIME TO TAKE ANY FOOD.



THE NEXT MORNING...





THIS SQUATTY FRENCHMAN WITH A CHEST LIKE A BEAR IS MY HALF-BROTHER, LANDEAU. THE INDIAN LAD IS BRAVE HAWK.

I HOPE WE SHALL BE GOOD FRIENDS

HOW!



LE BEAU, HERE IS ONE OF YOUR RUNNERS.

HE LOOKS LIKE HE HAS RUN A LONG WAY.

RUNNER ALWAYS BRINGS NEWS OF TROUBLE.



HE IS ONE OF YOUR TRIBE, BLACK HAWK. WHAT DOES HE SAY?

HE SAYS: TRADER AT WHITE BEAR CHEAT INDIANS. THEY ARE ANGRY. THEY ARE COMING THIS WAY. HE SAYS THEY BURN FORT AND KILL ALL WHITE MEN.



JACK, RUN AND RING THE ALARM BELL. LANDEAU, SEND A RUNNER FOR AID TO MARCEL BLANC OVER ON WHITE MARSH.

I GO TELL MY PEOPLE.



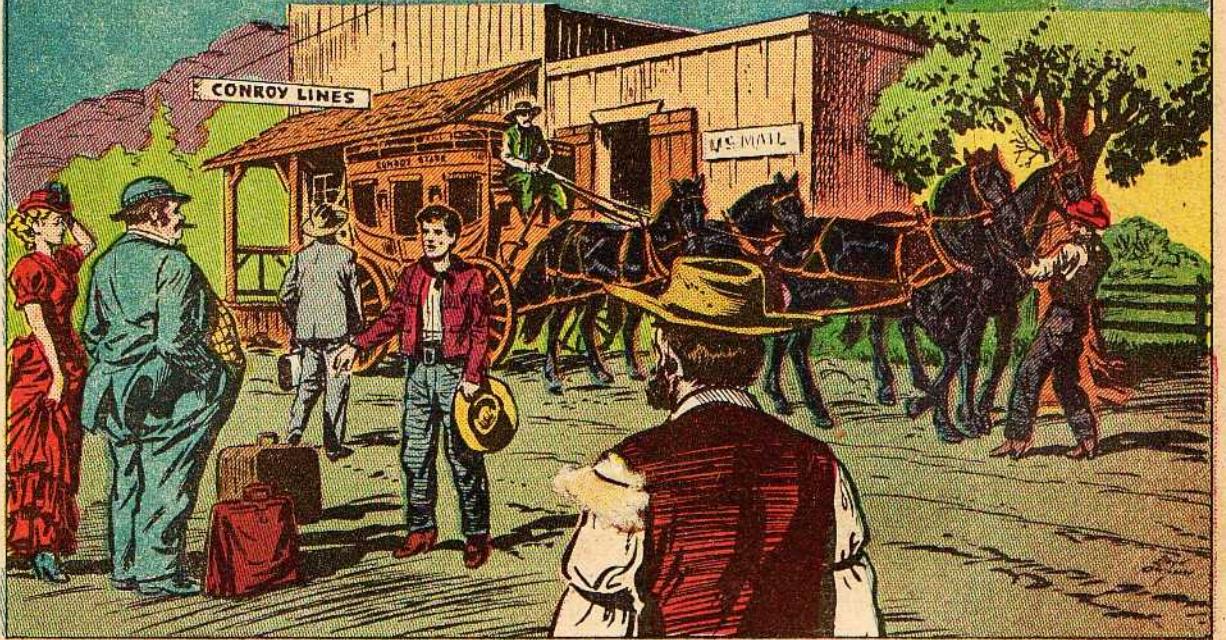
JACK, MOUNT TO THE PALISADE AND CALL OUT AS SOON AS YOU SEE ANYTHING THAT LOOKS STRANGE. I'LL SEND BLACK HAWK UP WHEN HE GETS BACK.



WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE HOSTILE INDIANS REACH THE TRADING POST? SEE THE NEXT INSTALLMENT — JACK AND THE SUGAR BUN WAR.

For the OVERLAND MAIL

BY RUTHERFORD MONTGOMERY



I
YELLOW dust filled the air in front of the little office of Conroy Stages. Number Six for Spruce Canyon by way of Windy Point was pulled up and waiting. Martin Conroy was driving because of a shortage of drivers. Jerry, his son, was at the scales weighing in baggage, which would be stored in the boot of the big Concord.

"This way, gentlemen! This way with your baggage. Thirty pounds free, twenty-five cents per pound for all over that," Jerry sang out.

A fat cattle buyer moved forward. Behind him a Chinese staggered under the weight of a huge trunk. The Chinese set the trunk on the scales. Jerry adjusted the weights.

"One hundred thirty pounds, sir. That will be twenty-five dollars," Jerry was watching the line of passengers back of the cattle buyer. Three miners headed for the diggings, dressed in patched pants and coats, a girl in starched crinoline. Then he saw Black Bart swagger over to the front of the stage and place a booted foot on the wheel hub. Over the angry muttering of the cattle buyer he

listened.

"Best offer I ever made any man," Black Bart's voice boomed.

Jerry's hands shook as he adjusted the scale for the baggage of the girl in crinoline. Her round blue eyes were dancing and she was smiling at him.

"No extra charge, miss," he said, and then looked up at his father.

Martin Conroy was shaking his head grimly. Jerry could not hear his words but he knew his father's answer was final. Black Bart's voice boomed again.

"Better get ten thousand cash, Conroy. I'll run you out of business in two months and get your outfit for a song."

Martin Conroy looked down at Jerry and smiled. "Load her up!" he shouted.

Jerry heaved the baggage into the boot. Toby Lake helped him heave the heavy trunk in. Toby was a Conroy driver waiting for Number Five. With seven passengers stowed away Jerry climbed up beside his father. The egg-shaped body of the Concord jerked as the steerhide thorough braces took up the slack when the six blacks pulled away.

The Concord swayed and was off in a swirl of yellow dust. Jerry looked back and watched Black Bart walk across the street to his store and stage office. Bart Mason owned and operated the rival Diamond Stages. He had a reputation for getting what he wanted even if he had to destroy it first. He wanted the Conroy stages and teams. They would give him a monopoly on the run to Spruce Canyon, and later he'd get the mail contract when it was awarded.

"Mason is still hankering to own Conroy stages," Jerry's father said as he swung the six blacks into a sharp curve.

"You said no?" the boy asked.

"I wouldn't sell out to Masop," his father answered grimly. "That man is crooked."

"He can't beat us," Jerry said. He was proud of the six new Concords and the herd of black coach horses his father had gathered together to start his stage line. The Concords had come all the way from New Hampshire. They were the finest vehicles in the west. Their decking was trim, their panels of clear poplar. They were heavy, weighing twenty-five hundred pounds each. Inside they were

roomy and finely upholstered, able to carry nine persons in comfort. No wonder Bart Mason wanted them.

"If we get by without trouble until the mail award comes up we'll be on easy street," his father answered. "My horseflesh is better than Mason's and so are my coaches. We'll win out in the test run."

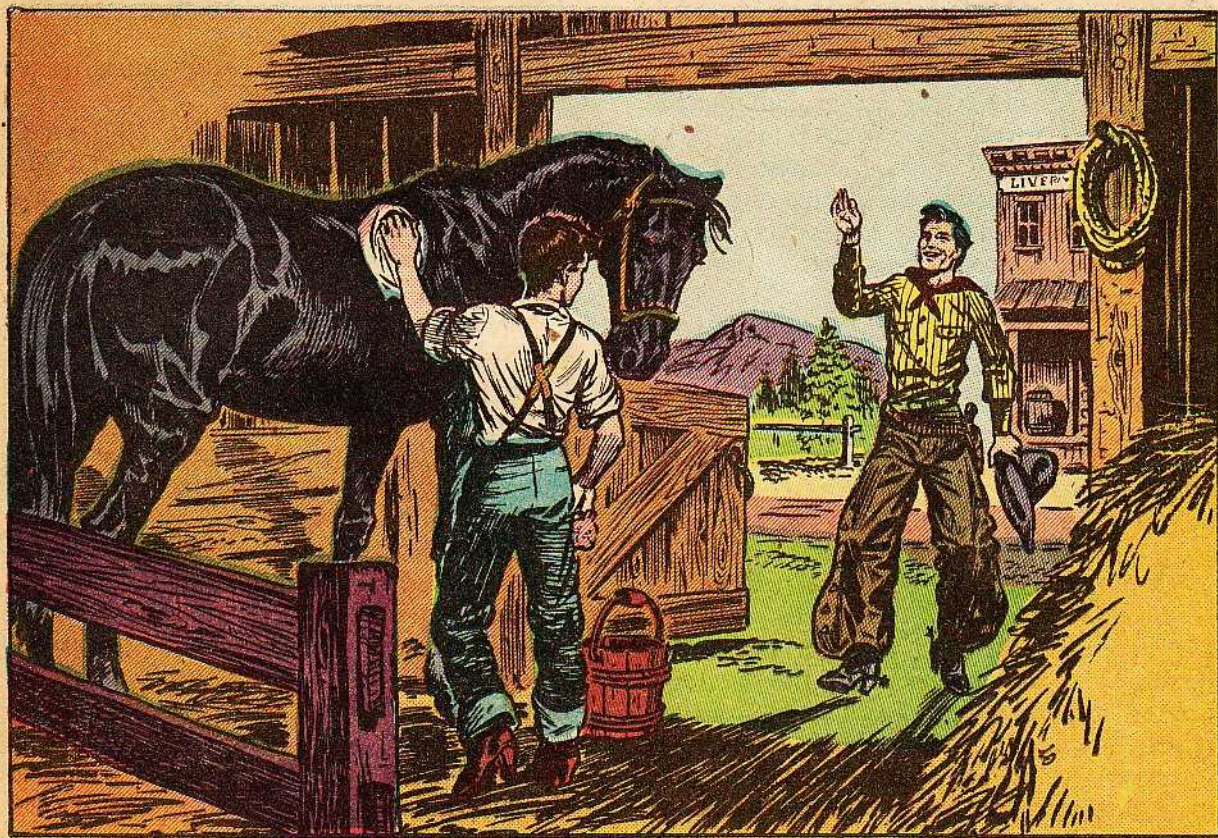
"You think he may make trouble?" Jerry asked.

"He will. He's already forced me to drive one of my own stages. Tom quit today to work for him. He'll try to hire Toby and Tex and Shorty."

"They won't quit; they're stage drivers and they're proud of our line," Jerry said.

"We'll just have to keep an eye on him." The blacks swept up a hill and headed down into a wooded valley. Towering peaks of the Rocky Mountains frowned upon them. A stream boiled and foamed over its bed of boulders. The air was filled with the healing perfume of spruce and pine.

Just before dusk that evening Number Six pulled in at the Spruce Canyon tavern. Jerry helped unload and later he rubbed down two



of the horses. Before he had finished, Toby Lake rolled in with Number Five. He came through the barn door, his bowed legs springing his chaps apart. Toby was a cowboy and he liked his chaps well decorated. They were trimmed with diamond-shaped pearl buttons.

"Hi, Jerry," he called. "Have a nice trip?"

"Fine," Jerry answered with a grin. He liked Toby, although folks said he was a gun hand and had been forced to leave Texas. But he certainly could handle six horses. Miners gladly entrusted their gold dust to him because he always carried two guns and knew how to use them.

Toby stood watching the groom take care of his horses. Jerry stood beside him. Toby squinted at one of the blacks.

"Favors his right hind foot, Mel. Better have a look at it." Then he turned to Jerry. "I hear Tex is to bring through a heavy shipment of dust tomorrow."

Jerry started. No one but his father and him was supposed to know about that shipment. Handling dust was dangerous, but

handling dust and passengers was doubly dangerous. In a holdup passengers were considered above dust. Rather than endanger the lives of passengers, a driver would throw down the box of gold. The Conroys were always tight-mouthed about shipments.

"How did you know about it?" he asked.

Toby laughed. "I got ears, hombre."

They walked together toward the inn. Jerry wanted to ask some questions, but he didn't know how to get started.

"You ridin' with Tex tomorrow?" Toby asked.

"I guess so," Jerry answered before he thought.

"You better wait and ride with me on Number Five," Toby said. "I should have had that dust shipment."

"Nothing will happen. We take dust through all the time," Jerry said, but he had a prickly feeling along his spine.

"Always a first time," Toby said, as he walked up the steps to the tavern.

(To be continued)

Chuck's Corner

The first thing I want to tell you is that the editor of this magazine is an old crab. When I told him that I thought I should have some space to talk direct to you he almost went through the ceiling. "Why," he moaned, "you've got six pages of it already! We're running a magazine, not a 'Chuck White for President' Club!"

Well, as I say, he's a sour old grouch, but I didn't give up. I reminded him about how many letters we'd gotten on whether I should stay at St. John's or go to Hollywood and about how many people wanted to know whether there really *was* a Chuck White. That got him. "White," he said in a tone that meant he was going to claim the idea as his own, "maybe you've got something there. We've got to tell them the truth about that."

So that's how I got this corner of the page. I can say anything I like and he's agreed not to interfere. Of course, if he needs the space he'll throw me out from time to time.

But to get back to the question, "Is there really a Chuck White?" So many of you were kind enough to write in, that I think you deserve an answer — and the answer is, yes.

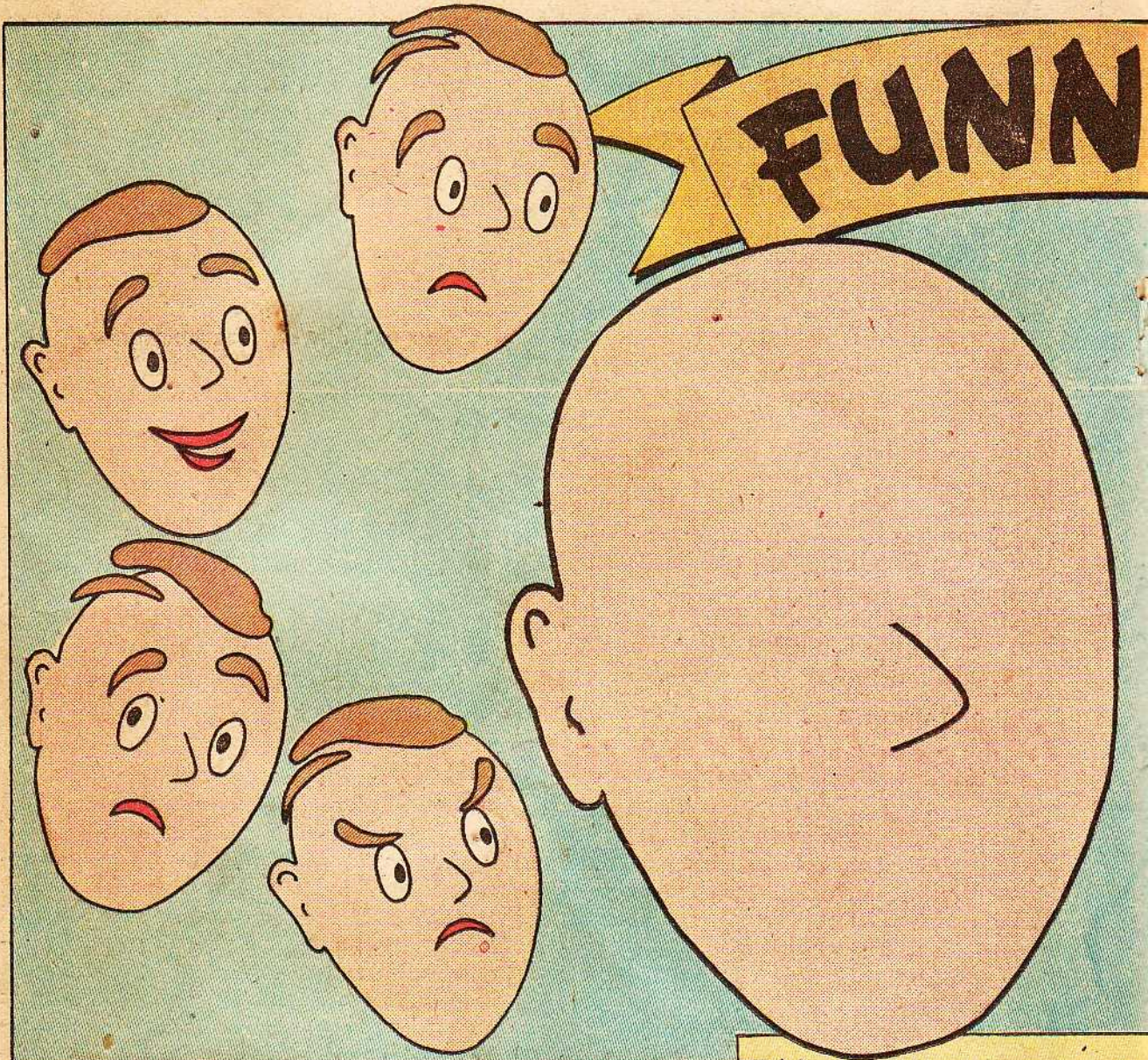
Of course there's a Chuck White — not just one, either. *You* are Chuck White.

Silly? Well, wait a moment before you decide definitely. After all, what have I got that you haven't? Sure I can play football and baseball, but you have your own special talents that you can use better than I. Sure, I help to win games, but winning *games* isn't my life story any more than it is yours. Scoreboards don't make true heroes.

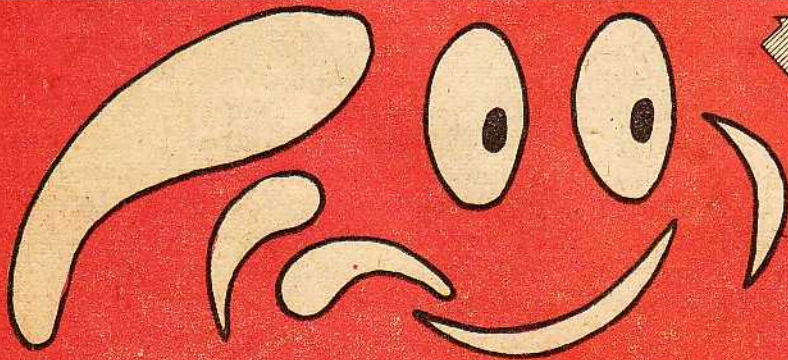
No, the important thing that makes you and me alike — the thing that makes you the same as me is the fight that both of us have to wage every day of our lives. It is the fight to do what is right and to avoid what is wrong. This fight is the same for both of us; it's just that we're on different parts of the battlefield. Because I'm Chuck White doesn't make me a bit more able to fight than you are.

That's why I say that in reading about me, you are reading about yourself. You can do everything I can do, when it comes to the really important things — and I've got a hunch you can do them better. So long now, you'll be hearing from me again.

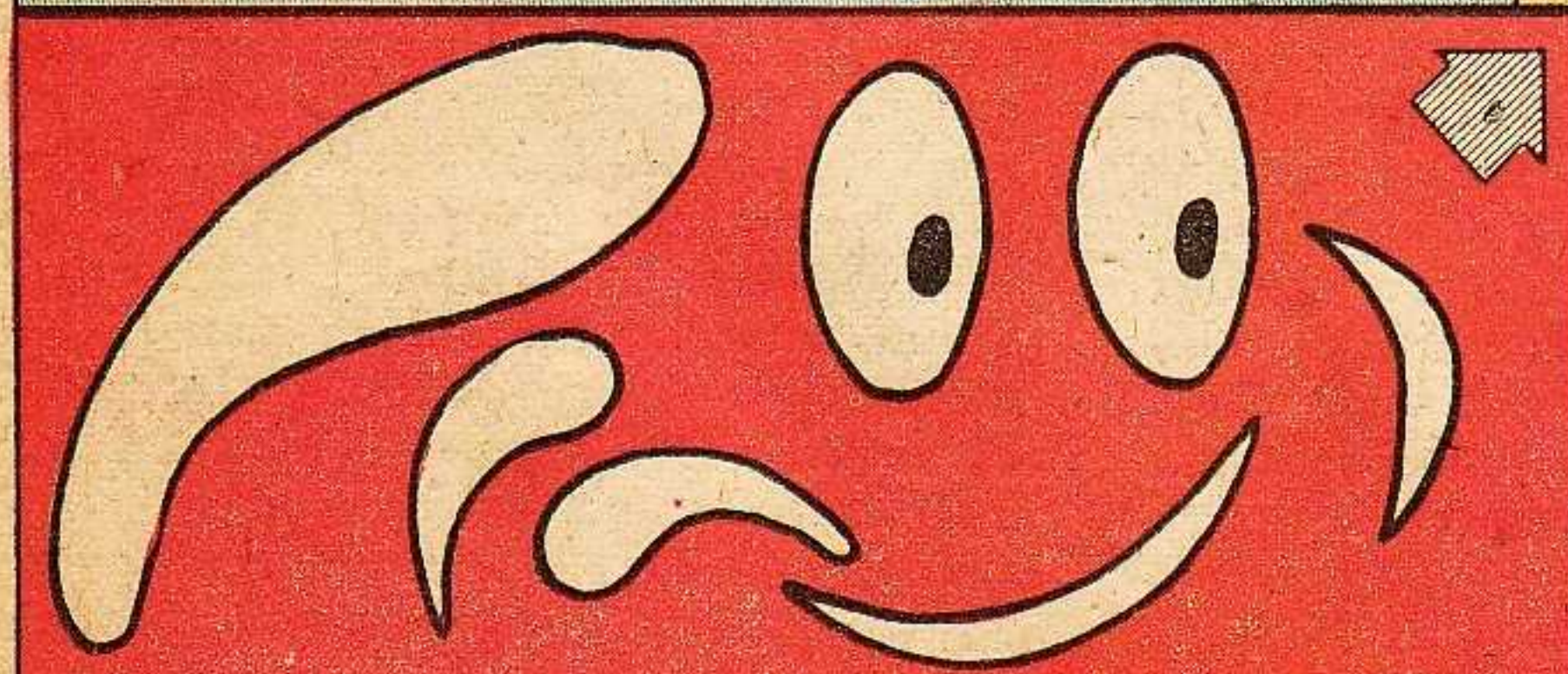
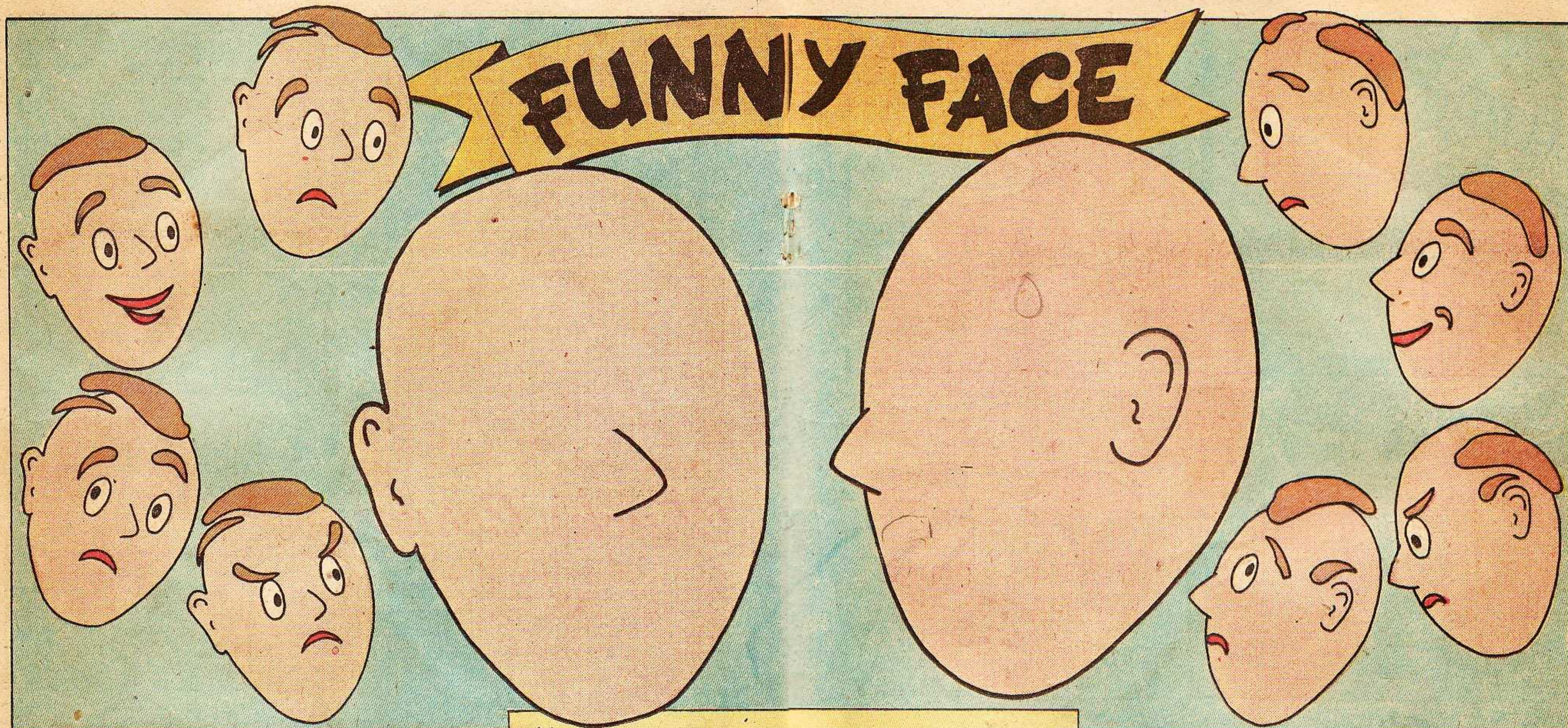
Chuck



YOU DO NOT HAVE TO BE A FUNNY FACE. ALL YOU NEED THE EYES, MOUTH, AND WHITE CARDBOARD AND PAINT. CUT OUT CAREFULLY YOU ARE READY TO START PLACE YOUR CUTOUTS ON AND MOVE THEM AROUND ON THIS PAGE-- THEN FACES YOU CAN MAKE FOR YOUR FRIENDS AND ONE THAT MAKES THE F

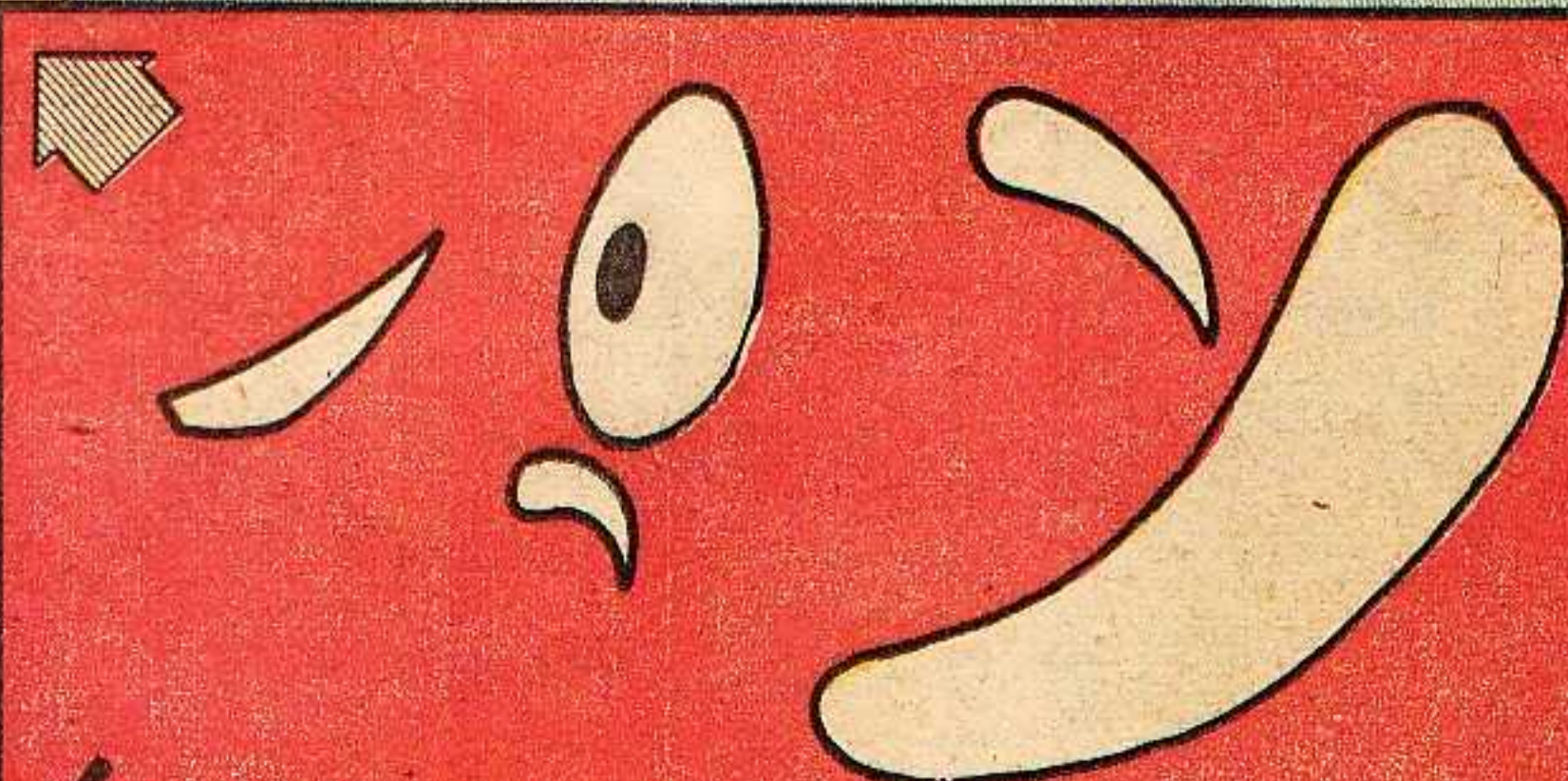


TRACE THE ABOVE ON THIN, WHITE CARDBOARD, COLOR AND CUT OUT.



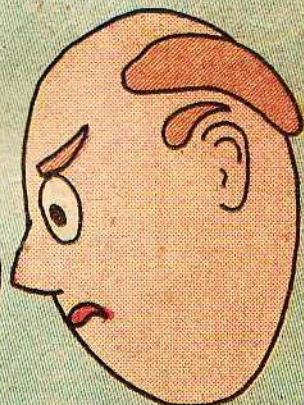
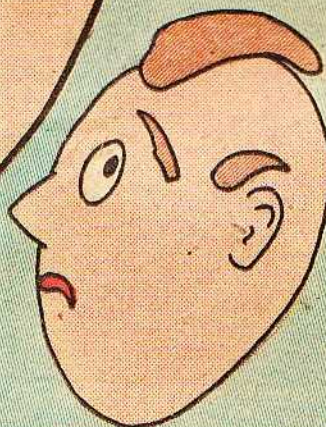
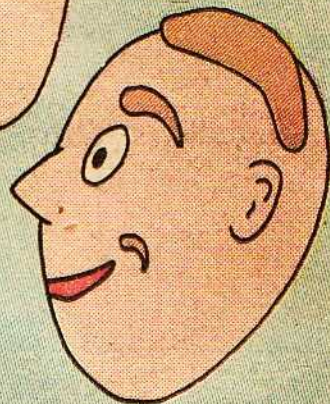
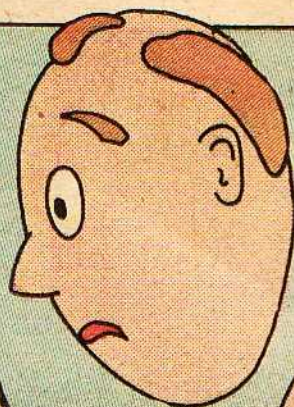
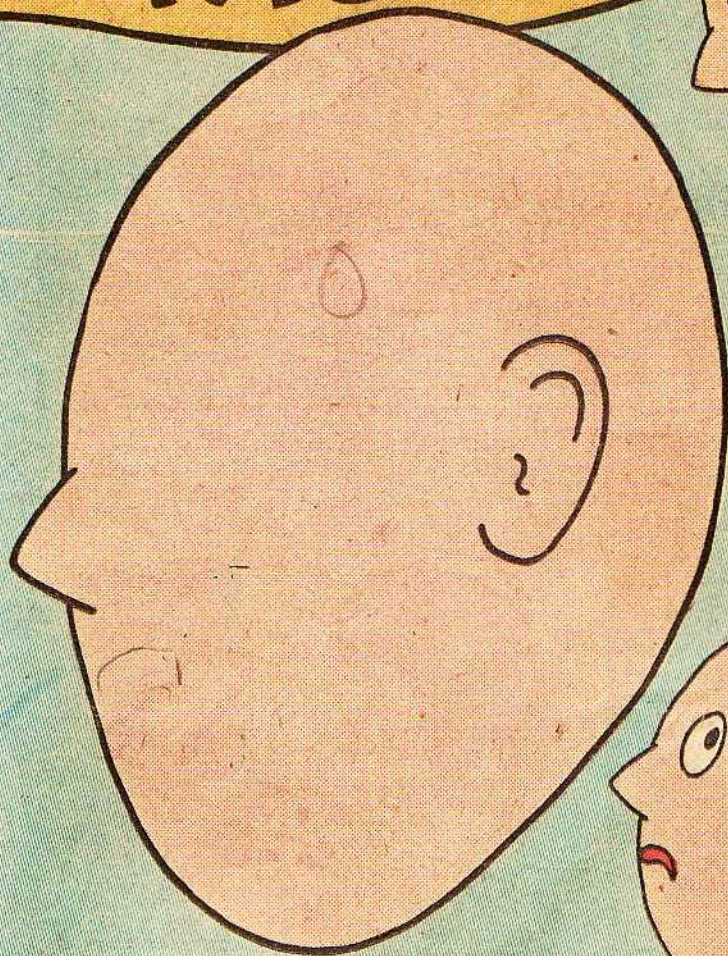
TRACE THE ABOVE ON THIN, WHITE CARDBOARD, COLOR AND CUT OUT.

YOU DO NOT HAVE TO BE AN ARTIST TO DRAW A FUNNY FACE. ALL YOU NEED TO DO IS TO TRACE THE EYES, MOUTH, AND OTHER PARTS ON THIN, WHITE CARDBOARD AND COLOR WITH CRAYON OR PAINT. CUT OUT CAREFULLY WITH SCISSORS AND YOU ARE READY TO START MAKING FUNNY FACES. PLACE YOUR CUTOUTS ON THE BLANK FACES AND MOVE THEM AROUND TO COPY THE FACES ON THIS PAGE-- THEN SEE HOW MANY NEW FACES YOU CAN MAKE. ARRANGE A CONTEST FOR YOUR FRIENDS AND OFFER A PRIZE TO THE ONE THAT MAKES THE FUNNIEST NEW FACE!

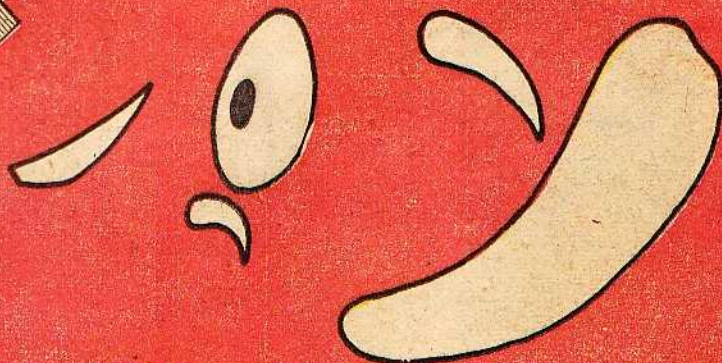


SPREAD THIS PAGE FLAT SO YOUR CUT-OUTS WILL STAY WHERE YOU PUT THEM.

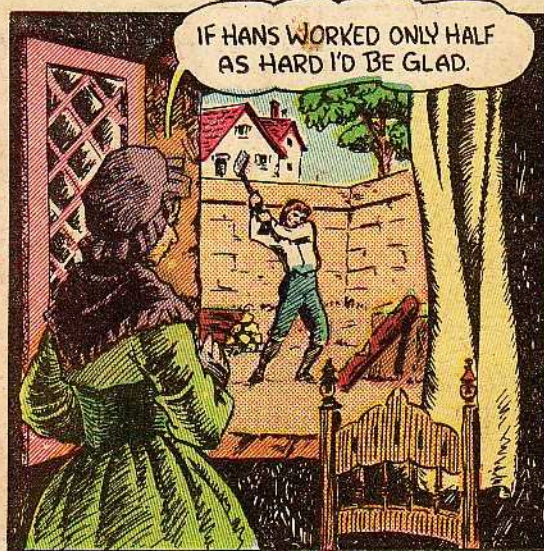
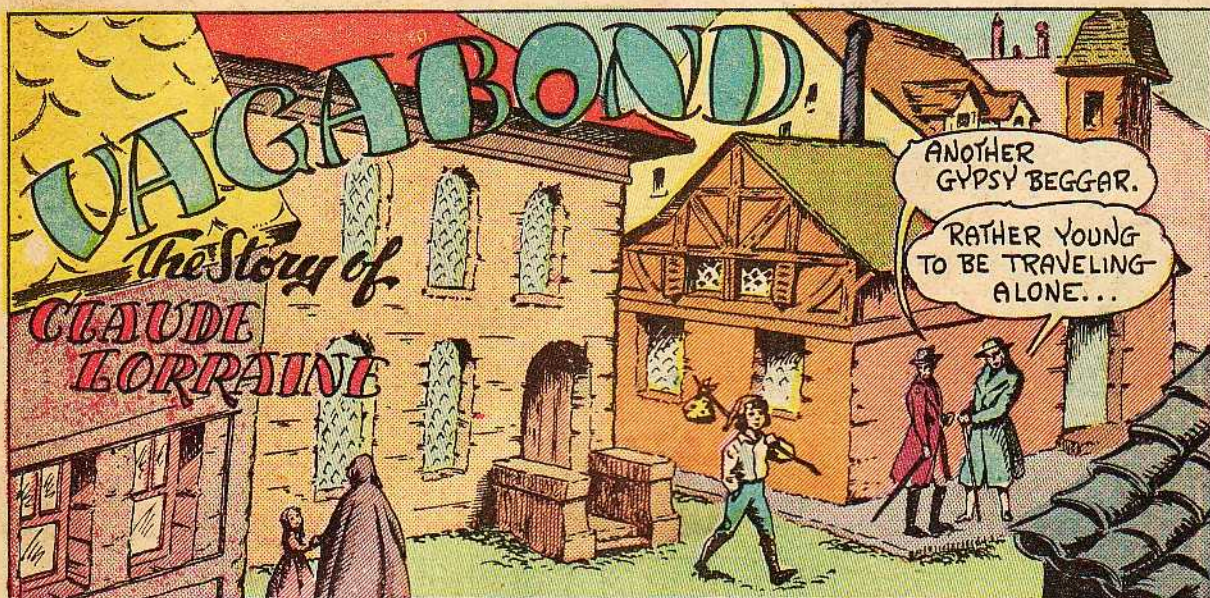
Y FACE

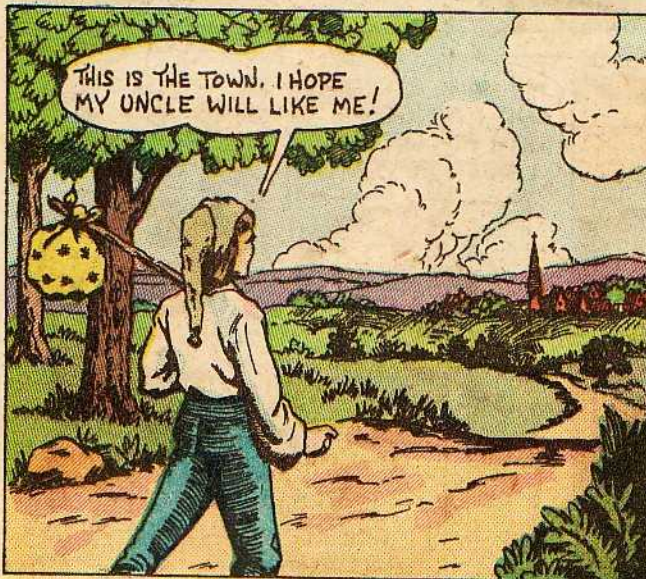


AN ARTIST TO DRAW A
ED TO DO IS TO TRACE
OTHER PARTS ON THIN,
COLOR WITH CRAYON OR
ULLY WITH SCISSORS AND
RT MAKING FUNNY FACES.
ON THE BLANK FACES
ND TO COPY THE FACES
SEE HOW MANY NEW
. ARRANGE A CONTEST
D OFFER A PRIZE TO THE
UNNIEST NEW FACE!



SPREAD THIS PAGE FLAT SO YOUR CUT-OUTS WILL STAY WHERE YOU PUT THEM.







ONE DAY HE SAW A
LANDSCAPE PAINTING BY
GOFFREDDO...



GOFFREDDO... I MUST FIND
HIM AND SEE IF HE WILL
TEACH ME.

WHERE DOES SIGNOR
GOFFREDDO LIVE?

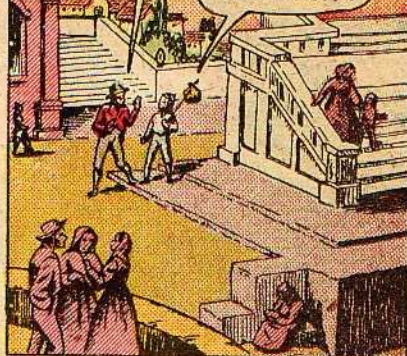


IN NAPLES,
I BELIEVE. WHY?

ONCE MORE CLAUDE GELEÉ
BECAME A VAGABOND...

GOFFREDDO? BETTER
EARN SOME MONEY AND THEN
GO BACK TO ROME.

BUT WHY?



GOFFREDDO IS MEAN
AND SELFISH AND HARD.
HE WILL NOT TALK
TO YOU.

I DON'T
BELIEVE IT!
HE IS A
GREAT ARTIST!



GET OUT AND
STAY OUT! I HAVE HAD
ENOUGH OF YOU!

MAYBE I'LL BE
THROWN OUT TOO.



ANOTHER BOY!
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
COME IN!



IT'S WONDERFUL...
SUCH COLORING!



EH... YOU LIKE IT? MAYBE
YOU HAVE AN EYE FOR SUCH THINGS.
WELL, I COULD USE A BOY.

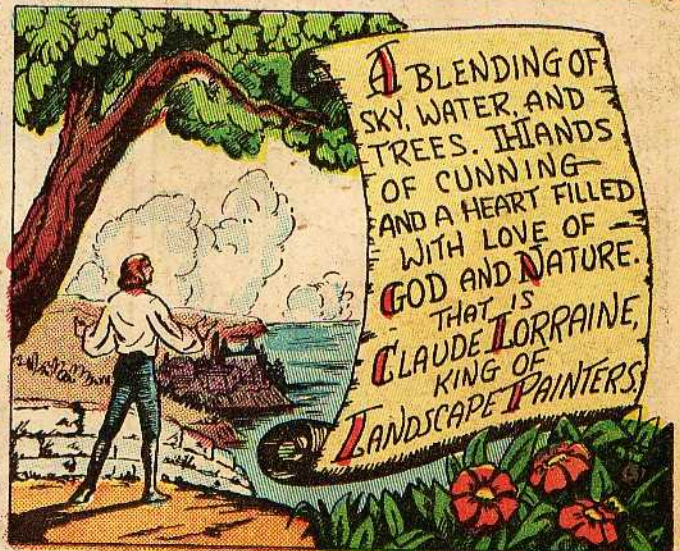


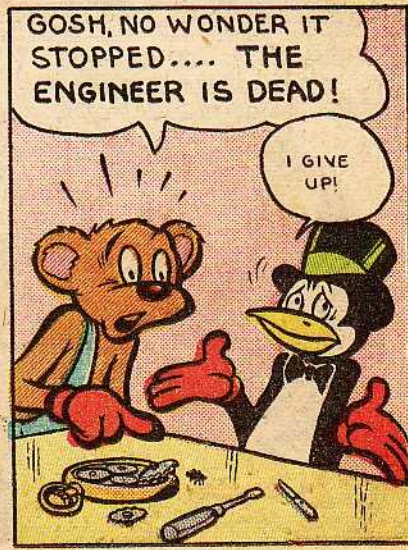
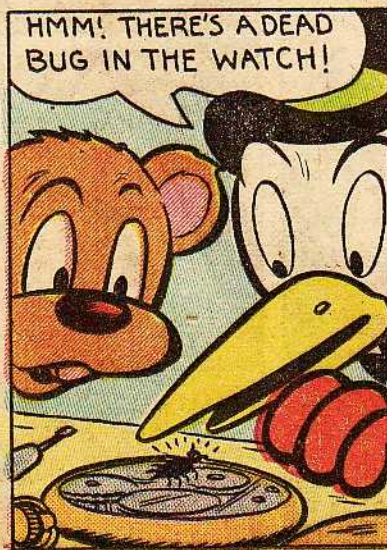
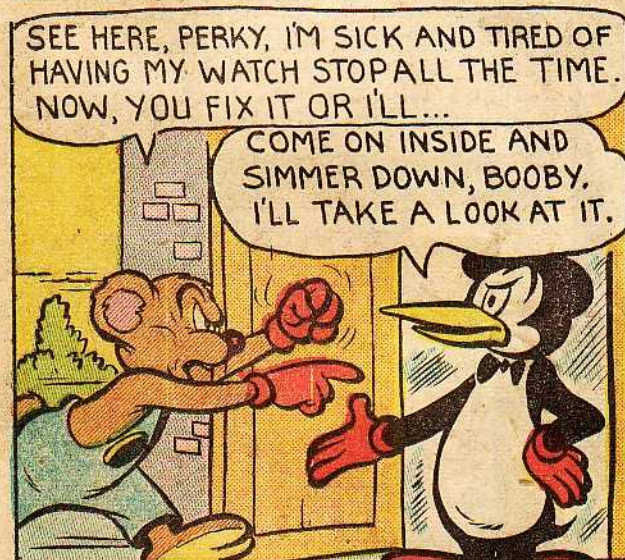
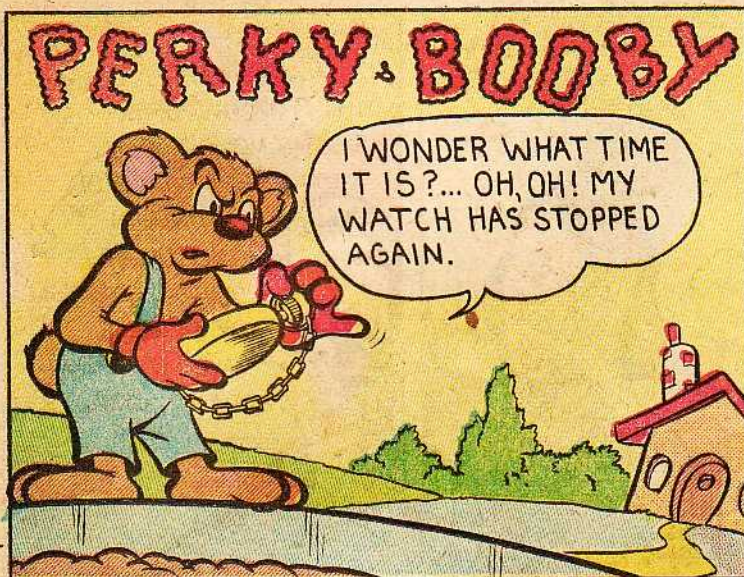
TWO YEARS WITH GOFFREDDO, AND THEN WITH AGOSTINO TASSI...



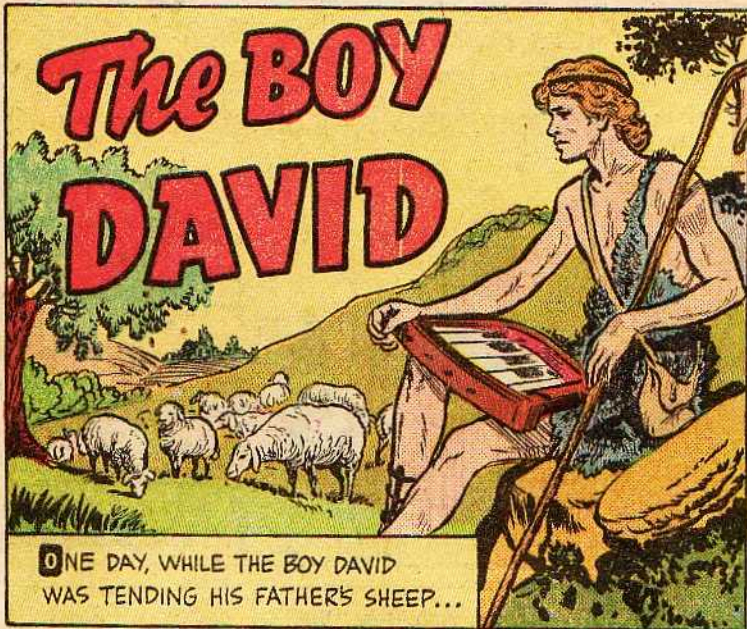
AND THEN THAT LONG-AWAITED DAY: HIS OWN STUDIO.







The BOY DAVID



ONE DAY, WHILE THE BOY DAVID WAS TENDING HIS FATHER'S SHEEP...

...THE LORD SPOKE TO SAMUEL, ANCIENT PROPHET OF ISRAEL, WHO WAS MOURNING GOD'S REJECTION OF SAUL AS KING OF ISRAEL.



NO LONGER, SAMUEL. GO TO ISAI OF BETHLEHEM. I HAVE PROVIDED ME A KING AMONG HIS SONS.

AND SAMUEL OBEYED.

ON WHAT ERRAND ARE YOU COME ?

I AM COME TO MAKE SACRIFICE TO THE LORD WITH ISAI AND HIS SONS.

YOU CALLED US, FATHER ?

YES, ELIAB. THE PROPHET SAMUEL WISHES US TO OFFER WITH HIM A SACRIFICE TO THE LORD.

LORD, IS ELIAB TO BE KING OF ISRAEL ?



NO, SAMUEL. NOT ANY OF THESE HAVE I CHOSEN.

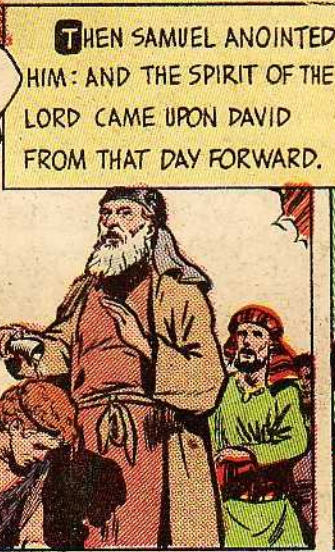
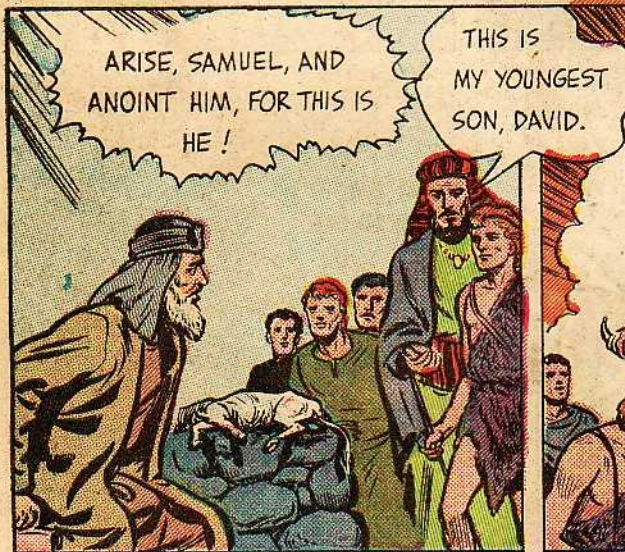
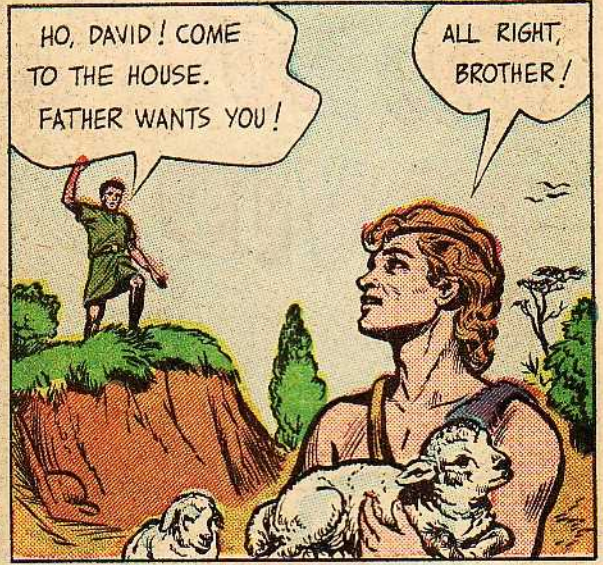
THESE ARE MY SEVEN SONS.

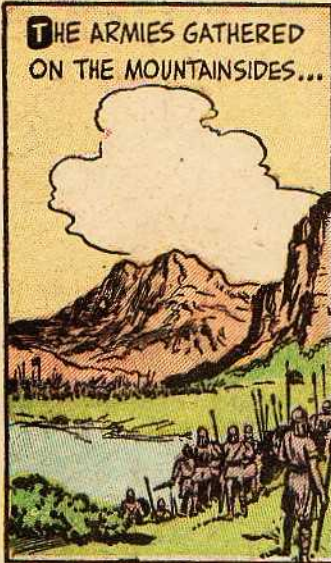
THEY ARE FINE YOUNG MEN, ISAI. BUT, TELL ME...

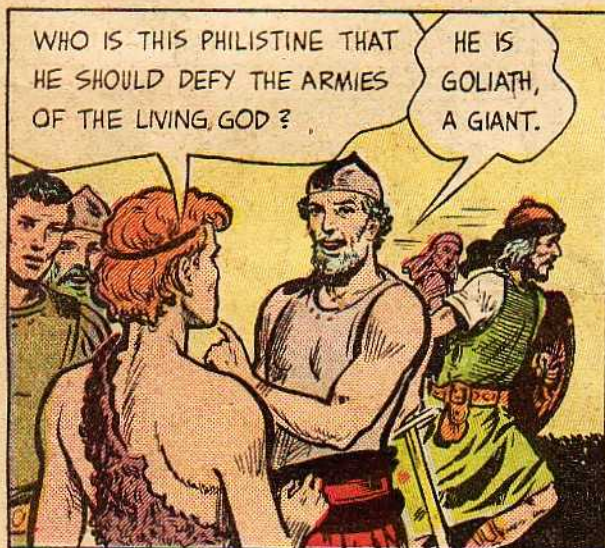
...ARE ALL YOUR SONS HERE ?

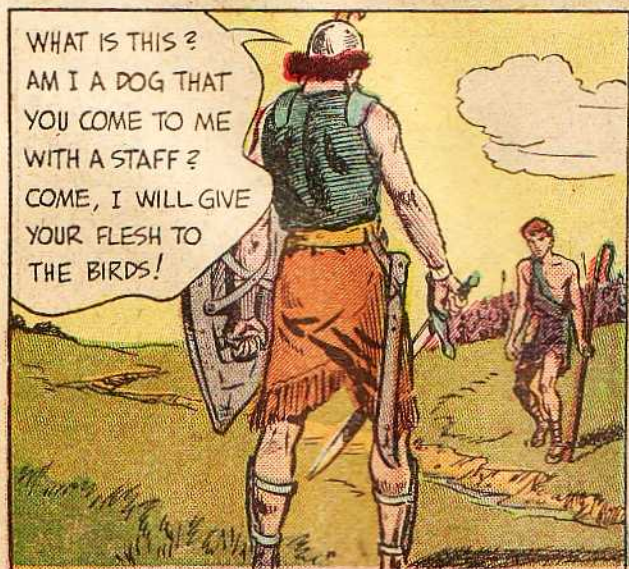
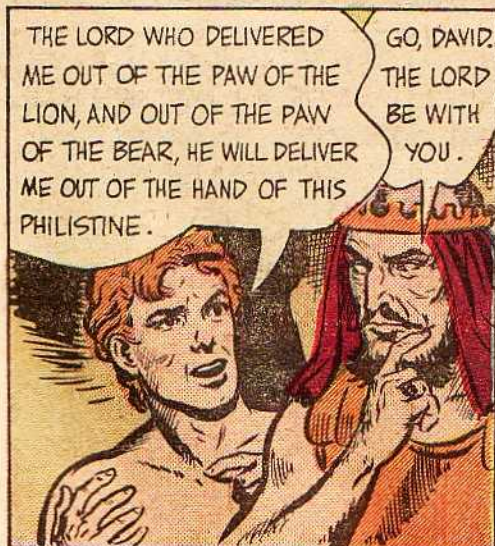
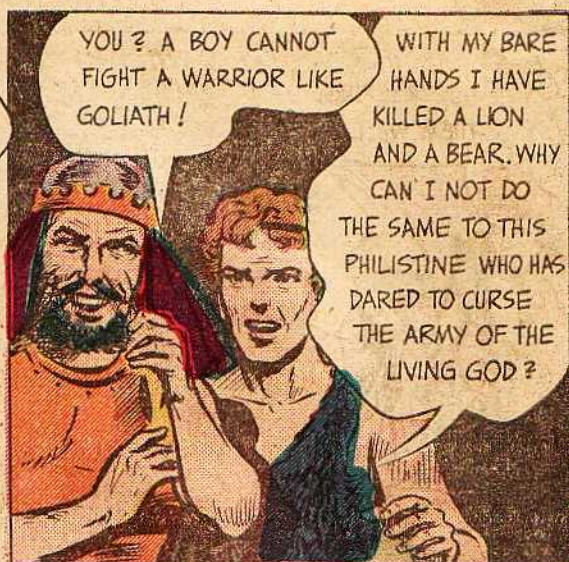
NO, THERE'S ONE MORE -- A YOUNG ONE WHO WATCHES OVER THE SHEEP.

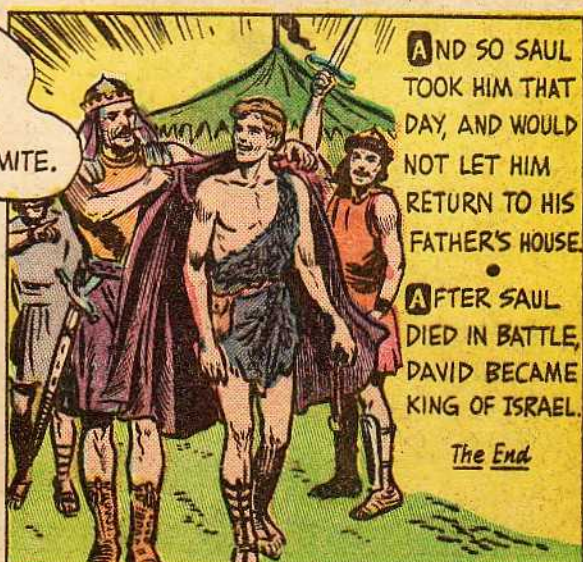












THE MASS

"YOU MUST NOT PRAY AT MASS, YOU MUST SAY MASS."

PIUS X TO THE LAY PEOPLE

IN ANCIENT TIMES JEWISH PRIESTS CONFESSED THEIR SINS BEFORE OFFERING SACRIFICES.

VERILY, O LORD, I HAVE SINNED. I REPENT AND AM ASHAMED OF MY DOINGS.

IN THE EIGHTH CENTURY, EGBERT OF YORK, WHEN INSTRUCTING PENITENTS, USED ONE OF THE FIRST FORMS OF THE CONFITEOR.

SAY, "THROUGH MY FAULT THAT I HAVE SINNED EXCEEDINGLY IN THOUGHT, WORD, AND DEED."

UNTIL THE 11TH CENTURY THE CONFITEOR WAS A PRIVATE PRAYER SAID BEFORE MASS. THEN...

ACCORDING TO THE SIXTH ROMAN ORDO, THE CONFITEOR IS TO BE SAID AT THE ALTAR.

YES, IT STATES THAT THE PRIEST, "BOWING DOWN, PRAYS TO GOD FOR FORGIVENESS OF HIS SINS."

VARIOUS WORDINGS WERE USED UNTIL THE 16TH CENTURY WHEN POPE PIUS V GAVE IT ITS PRESENT FORM.

THIS, THEN, IS THE WAY THE CONFITEOR WILL BE SAID.

EXCEPT THAT CERTAIN RELIGIOUS ORDERS MAY KEEP THEIR OWN PREVIOUS FORMS.

IN THE CONFITEOR WE HUMBLY CONFESS OUR SINS BEFORE ALL HEAVEN AND EARTH.

I CONFESS TO ALMIGHTY GOD...

WE ARE SINNERS IN THE EYES OF GOD AND HIS SAINTS.



BOWED UNDER THE WEIGHT OF SIN, WE
SEEM ABLE TO DO NOTHING...



...BUT ASK OUR LADY AND THE SAINTS TO INTERCEDE FOR US...



...AND ASK PARDON FOR US...

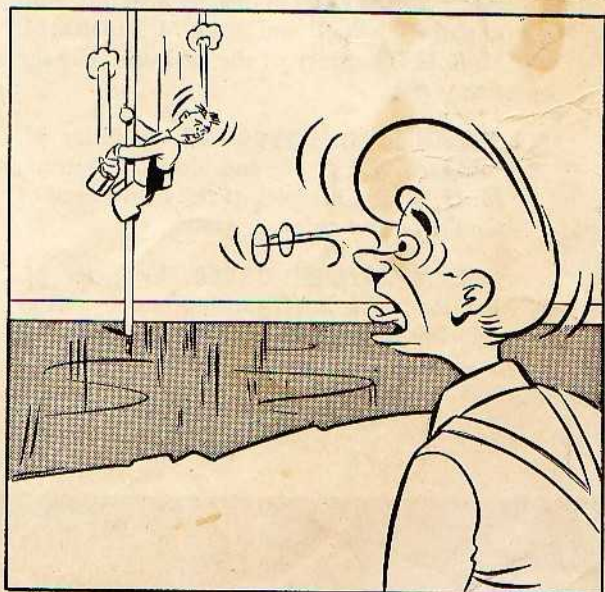
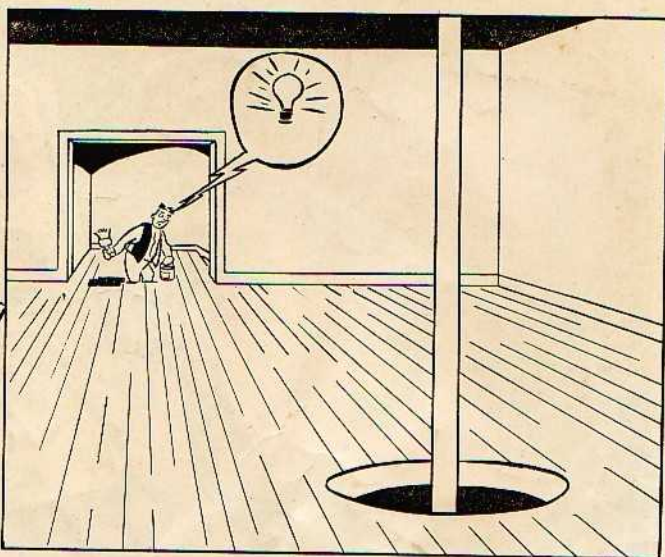


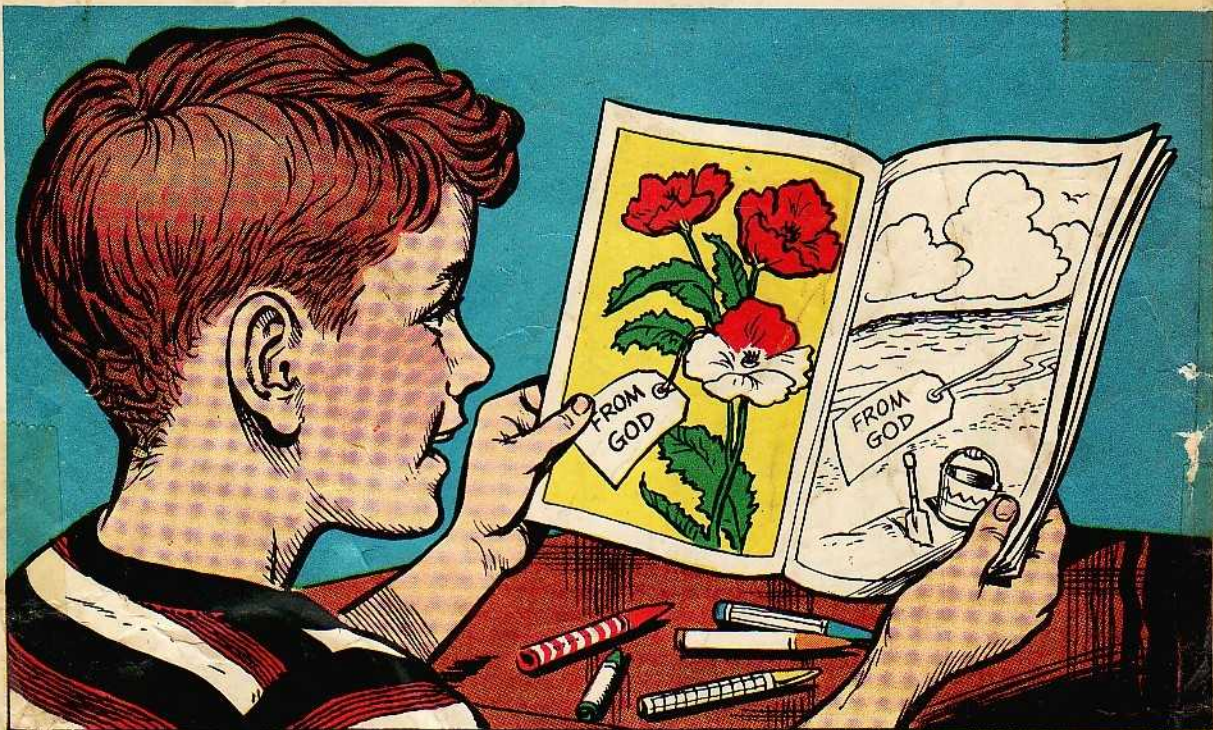
... IN ORDER THAT WE CAN ENTER WITH A SINLESS SOUL
INTO THE JOY OF THE HOLY SACRIFICE.



IN THE DOUBLE FORM OF THE CONFITEOR,
SAID AT MASS THE CHURCH EMPHASIZES
THE COMMUNITY, OR GROUP, FORM OF PRAY-
ING. THE PRIEST'S CONFESSION INCLUDES
"YOU, BRETHREN," OR THE LAY PEOPLE, AND
THE LAY PEOPLE'S CONFESSION INCLUDES
"YOU, FATHER." NONE OF US IS ALONE.
WE ARE ALL ONE IN CHRIST.







NEW . . . Work Books in Religion!

Prepared by catechists of the Mission Helpers of the Sacred Heart and the Maryknoll Sisters, these workbooks will greatly increase the effectiveness of religious instruction for children in Catholic schools, in the

year-round catechetical classes for Catholic children in the public schools, and in religious vacation schools. Each book provides 24 pages of the fascinating coloring projects which all children love to do.

GOD'S GIFTS, by Sister M. Jogues, M. H. S. H. and Sister M. Justina, M. H. S. H. God's wonderful gifts in nature. For the first grade.

GOD AND EVERYBODY, by Sister M. Juliana of Maryknoll and Sister M. Rosalia, M. H. S. H. The story of the Creation. For the first grade.

BECAUSE HE LOVES ME, by Sister M. Jogues, M. H. S. H., and Sister M. Justina, M. H. S. H. Examples of the Providence of God. For the primary grades.

THE APOSTLES' CREED, by Sister M. Justina, M. H. S. H. Cutting out as well as coloring. For grades seven and eight.

TEN HAPPY LAWS, by Sister M. Justina, M. H. S. H. The Ten Commandments. For the fourth grade.

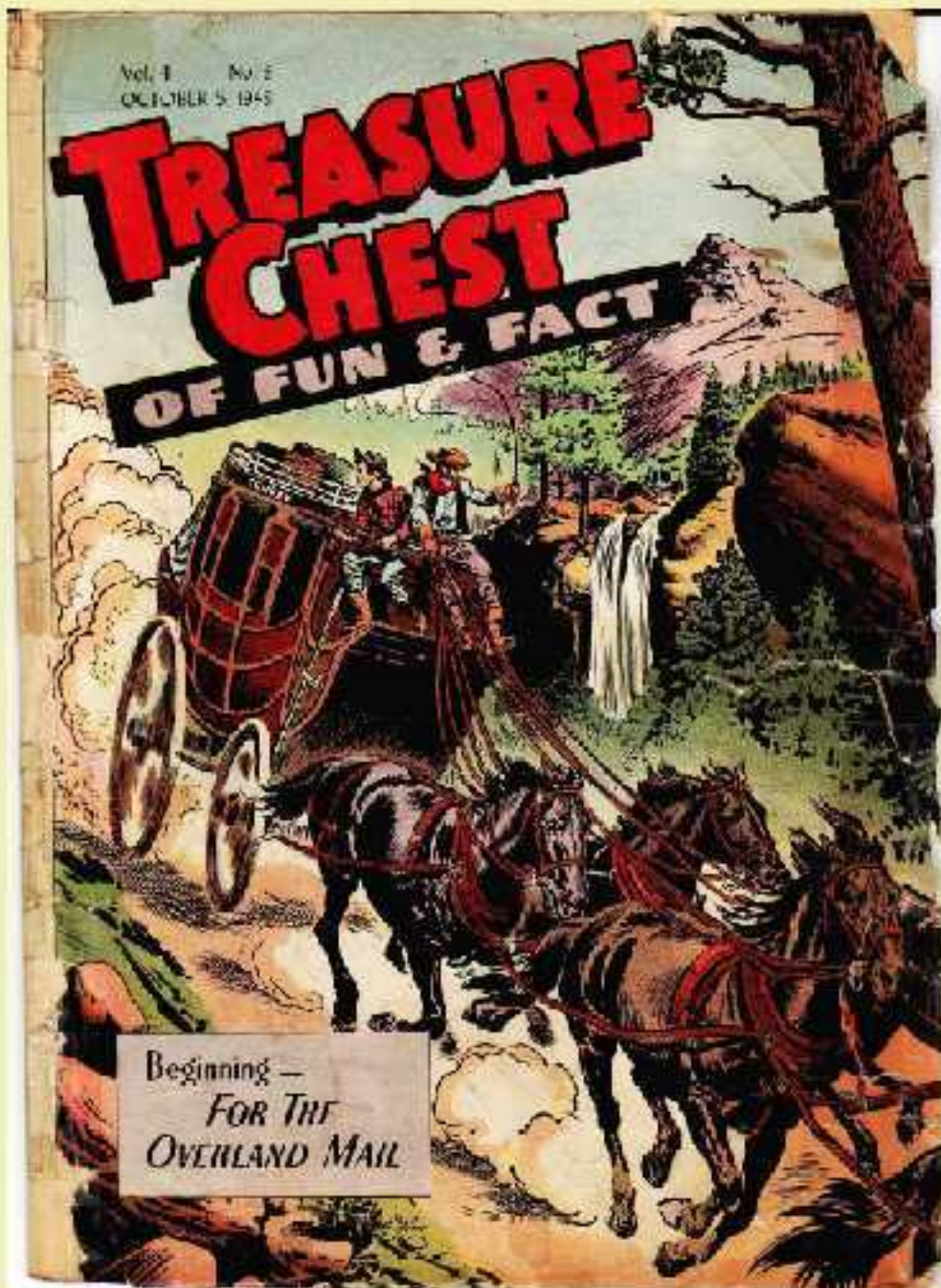
THE SACRAMENTS, by Sister M. Justina, M. H. S. H. For grades five and six.

GOD'S CHILDREN EVERYWHERE, by Sister M. Juliana of Maryknoll and Sister M. Rosalia, M. H. S. H. The lessons of sharing with and helping God's children, our brothers and sisters, everywhere. For the second grade.

GOD'S OTHER CHILDREN, by Sister M. Juliana of Maryknoll and Sister M. Rosalia, M. H. S. H. The sharing of material and spiritual gifts, in accordance with Jesus' teachings to His Apostles. For the third grade.

PRICES: 15 cents for single books — discounts on quantity orders.

GEO. A. PFLAUM, PUBLISHER, INC.
DAYTON 2, OHIO



Treasure Chest

#v04_03 (1948)

Scanned cover to cover from the original by jodyanimator.

What you are reading does not exist, except as electronic data.

Support the writers, artists, publishers and booksellers so they can provide you with more entertainment.

Buy an original!